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A

DISCOURSE

PREACH'D AT

SOMERSET-CHAPEL

ON

FRIDAY, *February* the 6th, 1756,

Being the Day appointed for a

GENERAL FAST.

BY

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Bishop of BANGOR; and Chaplain to the Right
Honourable the Earl of MARCH.

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 ISAIAH xxvi. 20.

Come my People, enter thou into thy Chambers, and shut thy Doors about thee: hide thyself, as it were for a little Moment, until the Indignation be overpast.

THIS fine and pathetic Address of the sublime Prophet *Isaiab*, utter'd with a Spirit of Piety and a Vehemence peculiar to himself, is a seasonable and interesting Exhortation to a religious Seriousness of Thought, which in a Time of *Public Calamity*, it may be presumed, cannot be ineffectual to its Design.

In this, and several preceding Chapters of this admirable Book of Inspiration, the Judgments of God upon many Nations, are represented, in a Style and Language calculated to animate the *surviving* Inhabitants of the World, with Fear and Reverence, and a truly penitent Reflection.

The Earth mourneth and fadeth away, the World languisheth and fadeth away, the haughty People of the Earth do languish.

A

All

All Joy is darkened, and the Mirth of the Land is gone.

Fear and the Pit, and the Snare are upon thee, O Inhabitant of the Earth.

*The Earth is utterly broken down, the Earth is clean dissolved, the Earth is moved exceedingly.**

In the Recital of Circumstances thus full of Horror, to give so material a Concern its due Weight, to secure that Influence which it ought to have upon the Soul, to revive the contrite Heart, and make Impression upon the hard, and reform, if ought is capable of reforming, the profligate and the lost to Virtue, our sacred Monitor recommends to universal Practice, Seriousness and Deliberation, and Thoughts worthy of the supreme Creator, *wonderful in his Doings.*

I shall, therefore, recommend to you, Brethren, in the following Discourse, in due Honour to the present awful Solemnity, the Duty and material Advantages of that *serious and devout Reflection*, to which, the Words which I have chosen, are a tender and most affectionate Persuasive.

Come, my People, enter thou into thy Chambers, and shut thy Doors about thee: hide thyself, as it were for a little Moment, until the Indignation be overpast.

* *Isaiab, Chap. xxiv.*

Consider these melancholy Events with Attention, and judge of them with Candor. Look upon the Dissolution of a frail World and its Inhabitants, with a religious Awe; and dedicate the Remainder of a Life, which the good Providence of God is still merciful to preserve, to hopes of Heaven and Immortality.

The natural Effect of a Consideration of the Deity, is an Inclination of Heart to worship him in great Humility. Where the highest Veneration is acknowledged due, the Desire to avoid giving Offence will be fervent in Proportion. *A Son honoureth his Father* (saith the Prophet) *and a Servant his Master*; these are the natural, the expected Services which flow from such intimate Connections. If our Engagements to Society require of us this Tribute of Submission, if the *Son* doth indeed acknowledge it his indispensable Duty to Honour his *Father*, and the *Servant* his *Master*, will not our Father which is in Heaven, whose *Sons and Servants* we are in the most elegant Sense of the Expression, be entitled to a superior Degree of Veneration? Why is the holy and reverend Name of God distinguished in Scripture eminently above all Titles of human Pomp and Glory, but to convey to our Minds Ideas great and awful of divine Perfection? That remembering our Obligations of Re-
spect,

spect, and Deference to our Superiors of every Degree, to the Friend, the Benefactor, the Parent and the sovereign Authority, we may not forget ungratefully that Giver and Preserver of them all, *which inhabiteth Eternity*. *Unto Man be said, behold the Fear of the Lord that is Wisdom* : That is the proper Rule of human Actions; that *the Fountain of Life*; that the *first Step to the Perfection of Holiness*. Fear thus interpreted, is an honourable, not a *servile* Principle, and proceeds from filial Love and a religious Gratitude.

Examine the Divine Expostulation of the good Patriarch *Joseph* under a peculiar Circumstance of Distress, in which the holy Scripture has represented him; see the Agony of his Mind, the severe Conflict between Passion and Virtue.

How can I do this great Wickedness, and sin against God! †

It was the Happiness of this amiable Youth to preserve the Remembrance of the Mercies of the Supreme, which lately he had experienced in the most distinguished Manner, and the Favours of his indulgent Master, which above Expectation, had been heaped upon him, and from a lively Sense of those numerous Obligations, he trembled to reflect upon the criminal Invitation he was oppressed

† Gen. xxxix. 9.

with :

with: *How CAN I do this great Wickedness, and sin against God?*

So generous, and so virtuous, and so benign a Principle is Religious Fear. It is the Beginning of Wisdom, which discovers to us the Dignity of a good Life, which encourages us to pursue it with Chearfulness, to persevere in it with Constancy, to finish it with Resolution. To an Heart inspired with this divine Accomplishment, an awful Contemplation of God is always grateful; the Consciousness of his immediate Presence subdues the infant Passion, abates the Love of the World's most engaging Vanities, and bows the Knee of the Heart unused to Supplication. Who can meditate with *David*, and not feel within himself a Motive, a Persuasive, to a religious Awe, the Parent of Amendment? * *Whither shall I go then from THY Spirit, or whither shall I go then from THY Presence? If I climb up into Heaven, THOU art there; if I go down to Hell, THOU art there also. If I take the Wings of the Morning and remain in the uttermost Parts of the Sea, even there also shall THY Hand lead me, and THY right Hand shall hold me. If I say, peradventure, Darknesh shall cover me, then shall my NIGHT be turned to DAY. For the Darknesh is no Darknesh with thee.*

* Psalm cxxxix. 7—12.

Not

Not Thought or Language can convey a more awful and sublime Idea of the eternal Mind. Allow an Argument like this, of the divine Omnipresence, and it cannot want Efficacy to persuade. Admit that there is a God, that he is actually and indeed conscious of the minutest Actions of our Lives, and it is impossible not to be influenced by so glorious a Discovery. The irresistible Effect of such a Doctrine is the Conversion of the Soul; and whilst we improve and cherish a Thought of so divine a Nature, and do not suffer the World with all its Vanities to interrupt the sacred Meditation it cannot but be that we rejoice in a Portion of Time well and wisely employed, glad to have *communed with our own Heart, and in our Chamber with Devotion.*

Solitude, Friend to good Thoughts, encourages their happy Progress, gives that room for Improvement, and a right Understanding, which the Cares of Life and the Hurry of secular Affairs, and a Variety of Amusements very rarely can admit of, very rarely can give leave even to the studious Enquirer after true Happiness, to look for it in that Retirement where it is naturally to be sought.

A serious Reflection is in Fact the surest Promise of Success in all our Undertakings. It loses the Advantage of no Opportunity
of

of Improvement. It has always a View towards some useful Meditation or Design. It is diligent to collect, and artful to retain Knowledge, and there is scarcely an Appearance in Nature, or an Occurrence in Life, from which it does not reap immediate Benefit.

To reflect, for Instance, upon the Beauty and Order and Variety of the natural World inspires the attentive Soul with an holy Reverence of God who created, of God who hath redeemed Mankind.

When I consider thy Heavens the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained.

Lord, what is Man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that thou regardest him?

Nor is the Conversation of the *intellectual* World, to a studious and considerate Turn of Mind, an uninstruative Lesson. The Christian Virtues recommend themselves; they appear upon a serious Survey, evident Objects of Esteem and Admiration: The Vices and Immorality of Mankind demand Aversion and Contempt. By the constant Application of the Mind, all Improvement is obtained, and gains upon it by unperceived Advances, as Children naturally become wiser by the Conversation of their Instructors, and receive in-

sensible Impressions from almost every Thing they say.

But how is it possible to encourage either Meditation on the natural World, or Conversation with the intellectual, amidst the innumerable Temptations of a corrupted Age? Temptations not necessarily *obtruded* upon us, by no means, *unavoidable* Evils, but courted with Eagerness, and admired with Constancy, and persevered in with Rapture incessantly to our Ruin. We create Causes of Unhappiness: We seek for Occasions to complain: *We lead ourselves into Temptation*, and are found to multiply the Troubles of Life by those very Expedients which were intended by Providence to remove them. *There should be a Time to every Purpose under Heaven*; but we give up all other Considerations to the Gratification of the Passions only. The Pleasures of the World are now the sole Objects of our Attention and our Wishes: They are actually not the *Amusement*, they are the *Business* of our Lives.

The Health impaired, the Reputation lost, the Time and Substance unserviceably trifled away, and Credit of every Sort expiring, are the daily and hourly Sacrifices to this ungovernable Passion. Encircled with innumerable Patterns of empty Jest and Laughter mis-applied,

plied, and affected Wit and Humour, ridiculing every serious and every graver Character, who, even of a good Heart, can find Opportunities to lament the Errors of his Life? But alas! how few are ever found to desire such an Opportunity? We are so far from *lamenting* our Errors, that we acknowledge none to be lamented. We see not our own peculiar Failings. *The Sin that so easily besets us*, that is, the favourite Vice of whatever kind it be, is the last Thing which we perceive, visible as it is to the Eye of every human Creature with whom we converse. The serious Advice therefore of a friend is confessedly the disagreeable Part of his character. It is universally esteemed an unpardonable Instance of a severe, an Argument of an unpolite Behaviour. In this refined Age, even a *Parent* must abstain from *such* a Liberty. The Youth opinionated and vain, disdaining Counsel, naturally makes it unwelcome; interpretes the Frowns of an affectionate Father for Expressions of Hatred and Ill-will: Proportions his Resentment to the Opinion of the Injury which he sustains; determines, from that Moment, to treat the Rebukes of a Parent as he would do the Reproaches of an Enemy: *Returns Railing for Railing*: Instead of *reforming* his Errors he *defends* them, and reproves his Teacher in his Turn. Human Vanity is indeed at the highest Pitch to which it is capable of aspiring.

Draw the Picture exactly to the Life, place it judiciously and wisely in the most advantageous Light, that all the gazing World may distinguish the Original ; yet if it be a disagreeable, or a forbidding Likeness, no Man living will ever discover one feature of it to be his own.

How can we, Brethren, how can we thus suffer our Prejudices to prevail above all the Advantages of natural Understanding, or acquired Experience ? Why do we with abundant Solitude provide Materials for the Gratification of the Senses, taking small Pains for the Improvement of our Minds, for the Increase of our Faith, or the Security of our Virtue. Judge if it be not reasonable to conclude, that serious and devout Reflection, the Parent of a Variety of Advantages, exposing every human Irregularity to the Contempt which it deserves, might eminently protect the Integrity of the upright, and assist the Reformation of the Sinner ! Might for once prevail with the *wicked to forsake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts* ; the Savage and the unmerciful (in this uncommon Age of Resentments) to be forgiving and humane ; the Voluptuous to part with their Excesses ; the Dishonest and the Crafty with their Artifices to deceive ; might give to the envious a submissive quiet Mind ; and teach the Proud Humility.

Of the many who are engaged in Pursuits
vicious

vicious and irregular, *some* will be found (it is presumed) not entirely abandoned, not irretrievably lost to all Hopes of Amendment. To these it may be given to profit by a Recollection of their respective Errors.

Retired from the Vanities of the World they may be able to judge of them more impartially, to distinguish more accurately their Delusion. To see and be convinced by a mature and deliberate Review, that even the innocent Pleasures of Life, much more the lawless and the profane, disappoint Expectation continually. That amidst the bright Circles of the youthful and the gay, they have not their proposed Effect. That being frequented, they lose imperceptibly that engaging Agreeableness with which every *striking* Novelty surprizes, and confess to Experience, that they are not that *real Good* which they were mistaken for, and have it not in their Power to afford that constant Spring of Chearfulness and Gaiety of Heart, which the thoughtless and the unacquainted with Mankind, might expect from the Use of them.

Look into the Excesses of the Voluptuous; and the Chambers of the thoughtless; ask if they were ever found to enjoy the proposed Felicity; *fluctuating* thro' a *Tide* of Follies and Excess, driven by every *Gale* of Vanity, rashly and injudiciously *steering* the frail *Bark* of Life from one dangerous Amusement to another.

Too

Too truly are they convinced by severe Experience, that under the Disguise of Pleasure, they pursue real Sorrow and Fatigue. Their Passions and their Prejudices betray them insensibly into Error, as the glimmering uncertain nightly *Vapour* dangerously perverts the Step of the deluded Traveller. They literally *give their Money for that which is not Bread, and their Labour for that which satisfieth not*; they do, like the distempered Brain of the unhappy *Lunatic*, mistake a broken Reed for a golden Sceptre, and a Circle of empty Straws, for an imperial Diadem. They are disappointed in every Circumstance of their Wishes. Did they look for Advantages from Artifices calculated to defraud? The Fruit of their Labours is not the Object which it seemed to be: To use the Expression of the Prophet, fine and elegant, *Their Silver is become Dross*. Did they make Voluptuousness the sole Object of their Affections? They are utterly mistaken: *Their Wine is mixed with Water*. *

Every Man, who is capable of *Reflection*, must of Necessity, at some Period of his Life, be sensible of the *want of it*. The Truth is, and it is better to discover it, we *dare* not reflect: It is a Pain intolerable to remember those Things, whereof the Conscience is afraid. *As he reasoned of Temperance*

* Isaiah i. 22.

and Righteousness, and Judgment to come, Felix
 TREMBLED. † Art and Ingenuity, and an *Air*
 of Virtue cover a Multitude of Imperfections
 from the Eye of human Observation, but the
 faithful Conscience discovers the very Truth,
 open and undisguised. The World, caught
 with exterior Appearances, may possibly pro-
 nounce the Libertine a happy Man, but his
 own Soul knows him to be miserable.

Therefore, to a vicious Mind, any Vanity
 is acceptable which may but prevent, with one
 seasonable Moment's Interruption, the Thought
 of its own Misery and Dishonour.

Men naturally wish to be at a Distance from
 those whose just Demands they cannot satisfy,
 and are from the same Principle but ill dispos-
 ed to look carefully into those Scenes of Life,
 which they are ashamed ever to have been
 concerned in. There needs no severer Witness
 to testify against that unhappy Man, who hath
 on his own Heart his Accusation written.

The miserable wounded Spirit flies from that
 Retirement, despises that serious and devout
 Reflection which alone could bring any ef-
 fectual Relief to its Inquietude, as the *Sick* are
 apt to disrelish those very Things most, which
 in the Opinion of the skilful, might contri-
 bute most to their Recovery.

But whither, alas! shall he retire for Ease and
 Serenity, who hath it not within his own Mind?

† Acts xxiv. 25.

Let Reason and Religion supply that seasonable Consolation which *the World cannot give*. Let the broken and contrite Heart repose its Confidence in him, who came not to call the *Righteous* but *Sinners* to Repentance ; whose sacred Office and merciful Design it was to redeem a *lost*, and purify a *corrupted* World.

To these are tenderly addressed those Words of Comfort in Extremity, *Come, my People, enter thou into thy Chambers, and shut thy Doors about thee : hide thyself, as it were for a little Moment, until the Indignation be overpast.*

Whilst any Part of Time is in our Possession, it is not utterly lost beyond all Redemption ; whilst we have any Power of Reason left, we may employ it to our Advantage. Let us make our Time subservient to our Reflection, and our Reflection to the Amendment of our Lives. There is no Reformation impossible to him who desireth to reform, who religiously solicits the Influences of the Holy Spirit of God. Nor are there wanting Instances of Men, who, having been driven into various Degrees of Liberty and Excess, are at this Day, an Ornament and an Honour to the Community.

The Pattern, my Brethren, is truly amiable, let us attempt to copy it : There is no room for Hesitation ; the *present* Moment peculiarly demands our Concurrence, in so virtuous, so beneficial a Design.

Does

Does the Wisdom of the Legislature *proclaim a Fast, and call a solemn Assembly*, in consequence of a most tremendous Instance of the *Goodness and Severity* of God, and do we ask for Motives to a serious and devout Reflection? Is there that Heart of Adamant so utterly lost to all Impression, as not to be affected tenderly with such a complicated Scene of human Miseries? What, if the *common* Decay of Nature be no Bar to our Pleasures, no Interruption to our Excesses, no Persuasive to our Amendment, yet here, Brethren, here is offered to our Observation a very dreadful and (with respect to the Experience of the present Age) an almost *unexampled* Scene of Ruin. Who can be an *unmoved* Spectator of such *Distress of Nations, with Perplexity, the Sea and the Waves roaring, Mens Hearts failing them with Fear, and for looking after the Things which are coming upon Earth?* Innumerable Calamities! such as must be necessarily supposed to flow from so severe a Visitation.

When it is our almighty Creator's Will to say to the Sword of the Destroyer, *Sword, go through the Land*, who is able to abide his Coming? who shall securely *enter into the Rock, and hide himself in the Dust, for Fear of the Lord, and for the Terror of his Majesty?* *

Ye Sons of Festivity, ye delicate and easy of Heart, who court the Smiles of Fortune, and

* Isaiah ii. 10.

give up all to Voluptuousness, be for once persuaded to see the eternal God in these his wonderful Expedients, demanding all your Powers of Attention. When the Lord turned and looked upon *St. Peter* (fallen from his Integrity) the penitent Apostle was that Moment struck with Remorse and Anguish of Spirit, *He went out and wept bitterly.* And shall we not *humble ourselves*, Brethren, under *the mighty Hand of God*, thus dreadfully apparent to the whole Christian World? *The Arrow that flieth in Darknefs* is gone forth, and all our weak Endeavours resist its Violence but in vain. The Strong is divested of his Strength, the Wise of his Understanding, and Youth and Beauty, and every human Excellency, in one unhappy Moment, of its Complexion and its Charms.

Consider with Attention a Destroyer which acknowledges no Distinction of Appointment, or Degrees of mortal Grandeur, whose Eye pities not the tender and the delicate, and the unacquainted with Misery, looks not upon Gold and Purple with partial Admiration, but executeth the Commands of Heaven without Respect of Persons, *from him that sitteth on a Throne of Glory, unto him that is humbled in Earth and Ashes.*

Suffer us, ye modern Unbelievers, in this our Day of Humiliation, to acknowledge with the weeping Prophet, that *it is of the Lord's Mercies*.

Mercies that we are not utterly consumed. For can we believe, *flattering ourselves in our own Sight*, that these our afflicted Brethren were Sinners above all other the Inhabitants of this terrestrial Globe, *because they suffered such Things?* Demand of our blessed Lord himself for Satisfaction in this interesting Enquiry : *I tell you, nay; except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.* To ourselves let us apply the sacred Inference.

Would Refinement of Opinion and *pretended* Freedom of Thought prevail upon us to believe, that because Effects terrible as these, are in a certain Sense the Effects of *natural Causes*, they are therefore to be lightly regarded? Why then do we devoutly make our Prayers to God, that he would in his Mercy deliver us *from Lightning and Tempest, from Plague, Pestilence and Famine*, all of them no doubt the Effects of *natural Causes?* Nature cannot act but by the divine Appointment: The Arm of the destroying Angel cannot be caused to fall upon a guilty Land, but by the same irreversible Decree of the Almighty. By what Death soever it be our Lot to leave this sublunary World, the Sentence must first *proceed out of the Mouth of God.* It is the same Word of Power by which a Nation perishes as an Individual. The *Judgments are unsearchable*, but they are the Judgments of God: *The Ways are past finding out*, but they are the Ways of

the most High. It cannot but be as easily possible to the Father of all created Beings to reduce the universal System to its original State of Confusion, as to cause the Dissolution of one of the minutest Creatures which exist. *Let no Man deceive you with vain Words.* All Events, believe it, or believe it not, are in the Hand of God. He that could *create*, must of Necessity be able to *destroy*.

Ye *living* Witnesses of the wonderful Works of God, disdain not to take the proper Advantages of the melancholy Event. There needeth now no sacred History to recite, no Page of Scripture to produce Examples of the Terrors of the Lord. It is not, *we have heard with our Ears, and our Fathers have declared unto us*; we have, as it were, seen it with our Eyes. We cannot but bear witness of so apparent an Event. The Generation which now is, declares it to be true. *The Blood of our departed Brethren crieth from the Ground, 'Ye devoted to innumerable Vices, behold the Misery which awaiteth you, and flee with Precipitancy from a Path which leadeth to inevitable Ruin.'*

If the Effects of Causes so beyond Imagination dreadful (call them natural or miraculous) can have no Interest in our Reformation, *we are of all Men the most miserable*; if neither the Judgments of Heaven can terrify, nor its Mercies assist to invite us to a Sense of our Unworthiness,

thinefs, *good were it for us if we had never been born.* It is to no purpofe to talk of Days of Humiliation and Abftinence, the FAST *which we have chofen* is an Abomination, and our Profefſion of a facred Religion thus unprofitable to the Amendment of our Lives, is *altogether lighter upon the Balance than Vanity itſelf.*

Few Words ſhould be fufficient to infinuate to a *Chriſtian* Audience the Neceſſity of an early Proviſion for the momentous Concerns of Eternity, even though it were not at an Article of Time in which *thouſands fall before us,* (great God! with what inexpressible Confuſion!) *and ten Thouſands at our right Hand.* Still do we flatter ourſelves with Hopes of *length of Days and long Life,* our temporal Concerns unſettled, our eternal, unprovided for. Fair, and beautiful, and populous is this renowned Metropolis, *ſo was that great and opulent City, in which now is ſeen Deſolation, and its Gate is ſmitten with Deſtruction.*

Are Calamities like theſe, becauſe now *unlooked for,* never to be expected: or becauſe they happen not in this Hour are they therefore impoſſible in Nature? Is it in Confidence of this vain Preſumption that we truſt our diſregarded Souls to the Hazard of the laſt Extremity? That we venture raſhly to perſevere Days, and Months, and Years, conſecrated to Voluptuouſneſs, in unconcerned Security, deaf to the united Voices of boated human Reaſon
which

which we over-value, and the meek Christian Religion which we have the Hardness of Heart to despise? How justly are we reproached in the Words of the divine *Isaiah*, of a Perversity of Spirit which the very *Brute Creation* hath not yet descended to, *the Ox knoweth his Owner and the Ass his Master's Crib, but Israel doth not know, but my People doth not consider.* Instead of the Use of Reason, we labour for the Abuse of it.

Proud in Opinion, in Argument positive and rash; and by the Assistance of innumerable Prejudices incapable of Conviction, *a great and learned Unbeliever* hath profanely laid the Ax to the Root of Christianity, of whose spreading Branches it was said, and we (God be praised) have been educated to believe, that *under its Shadow we shall be safe.* To such a Teacher *a corrupted* World will for ever pay Regard, attends with Rapture to a vain and wicked Doctrine, which, treating wildly of *natural Causes*, explains away the Providence of a God, declares expressly to the voluptuous, to the incorrigible Libertine, and the Blasphemer, *that there is no Eye which sees, no Ear which hears, no Hand which writes bitter Things against him.* That the great Creator of the Universe cannot condescend to care for mortal Man, and that the Sword, the avenging Sword of Heaven is not concerned in the Destruction, though Nations perish at a Blow.

How

How terrible may be the Consequence of such Opinions to the blessed Religion which we profess, Brethren, be ye the Judges. Permit me to exhort you to persevere in the sacred Faith of Christianity, religiously to believe, in Opposition to Refinements like these, that *the very Hairs of your Head are all numbered*, that ye cannot suffer *but by the divine Will*, even in the minutest Article, that He *who careth for the Fowl of the Air, and for the Beast of the Field, and for whatsoever walketh through the Paths of the Sea*, who clotheth the vegetable World in such a beautiful Attire, shall much more protect and cherish the whole *rational* Creation.

From Reflections so full of Comfort, the good *Isaiah*, recording the Severity of the divine Resentment, ascribeth to God, in the same moment, Praise, and Glory, and Thanksgiving, as to the *Preserver of Men* : and such as will be always seen to flow from a proper Sense of the divine Providence in all its Dispensations.

In the Way of thy Judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee, the Desire of the Soul is to thy Name, and to the Remembrance of thee.

With my Soul have I desired thee in the Night, yea with my Spirit within me will I seek thee early, for when thy Judgments are in the Earth, the Inhabitants of the World will learn Righteousness.*

Let us, Brethren, in Imitation of so divine a Pattern, adore with Piety the just Decrees of

* Isa. xxvi. 28.

Heaven. So shall we be safe under the Wings, under the merciful Protection of that God who, in the emphatical Language of the Prophet, is a *Strength to the Needy in his Distress, a Refuge from the Storm, a Shadow from the Heat*; so shall Tears of Penitence be Tears of Joy to the tormented Conscience, welcome as the refreshing Dews of Heaven to declining Vegetables in the burning Heat of Summer.

To the great Searcher of Hearts therefore, let us direct the Prayer of *Christian Faith*; to Him in the *Fervency of the Spirit*, the Supplication; to Him the Intercession *with Groanings that cannot be uttered*; that He will spare his People, and give not his Heritage to Reproach; that he will be our Comfort and Protection in all the Dangers and Emergencies that are inseparable from this transitory World; that He will go forth, in the Time of War and Tumults, with our *Fleets and Armies*, inspiring them with Unanimity and Perseverance to defend the inestimable Liberties of this imperial Kingdom from an ignominious Supremacy and Chains of arbitrary Power.—And teach us, O God, to believe, and to act as if we thought, that the sure and never-failing Source of *national Prosperity, of Peace within our Walls and Plenteousness within our Palaces, the Security of Kingdoms, and the Support of Thrones, is thy true RELIGION and VIRTUE.*

F I N I S.

